

## Company Flow "Offspring"

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[del] aiyyo whattup el-p?  
[el] yo whattup del-phonic?  
[del] nuthin man; I was on the bus the other day man  
Tryin to listen to my walkman  
This motherfucker all in my face  
Tryin to holla at me and shit  
I'm like, "man - dude you just a offspring"

[del]  
I'm very interplanetary and vary with various  
experiments  
Gregarious with verbals for your merriment  
What el-p tell me to use, the beat di-ffuse  
You lose and get played like a mood  
I'm rude revolting leave you molting  
No thing - compares to my compadres  
We'll take it to broadway  
It's beautiful the execution flawless  
You all wet, soggy groggy when you saw me  
But I never tire whenever I adjust my thrust  
Females blush I bring the california gold rush  
Your flow sucks, your stamina can't endure  
I manicure your lavender amatuer landed words  
You haven't heard? cannabis analyst  
Add a twist to my manuscripts  
I'll have you sent to the showers  
Me and el-p, is superpowers like the us and ussr  
Blow you like the deathstar  
Leave your chest scarred like sagat  
My plot proliferates, hits you like barbituates  
In a twist of fate and splits your face  
It's the great deltron-z, soundbombing  
Run to mommy, I'm airin out your dirty laundry  
I'm shooting then executing you're aiming from  
mainstream  
Your brain tingles, strangles your lame jingles  
Bingo I bring flows that attack like wild dingoes  
Can't be pigeonholed, anything goes gringo

[el-producto]  
Here we go - up jumps the outcast, sever the  
connection

My mostly overconfident acquaintances pull numbers  
To the anti-potients and fear that I drip sick in  
And rise out of my shell to teach sick or bedridden  
emcees  
Til they fear living  
Blockin the cocks that bust shots, spittin smitten  
bitches  
Til the day of the locust, kitchen cutlery cuts  
Dmx 16 crossfade with a strange lust  
Dr. strangelove, born in the back of the train, fameless  
shame  
Shared with acne pick brain pit  
Tried to capture the moment of subtle death  
Destro magnet spit - action fit into capsules  
Slipped in the dirty waterway speaker cabinets  
Maximum b-boy axiom stabbin shit  
Intellectual women find that my rhyme style relaxes  
them  
And wonder if I fuck to the same rhyme style pattern  
It's autobahn pipe bomb glass fragment shatter  
To break new jacks at after parties for actin actual  
Factor x into your formula for fresh thoughts  
With a megalon wingspan that bulge from the back of  
the text radical  
Radio time tracks flatten your flattery  
The tradition excuse used by biters; ambiguously homo  
Knotted tights and colored underwear  
That's wrapped around the brittle legs of  
Things without weapons - I'm grief diseased brethren  
Swim in a sea of shit and malt liquor, feed on excedrin  
Radiate through tenements; emcees bleed estrogen!

Chorus: del and el-p

Watch insanity increase  
Break it up piece by piece  
Never weak in the least  
Think you better see a priest  
(mortality, don't battle me, it's costly  
We the raw breed all of y'all is just the offspring)

[el] yo del kick that shit again

[del]  
Tomahawking your tom-tom club  
You tried to holler at me at my show, lookin like you on  
drugs  
You love the del I'll thug you, bumpin juvenile  
Thinkin you in style, packin like you movin now  
I move top speed, scott free with cock-d  
Knock-kneed delivery that scorches you like lockheed

Dr. decibel, my deliverance is questionable  
But as far as this session goes I'm wreckin skulls  
Better check your pulse, we visionaries with this  
Scarin the shit outta record labels next to fatal  
Right beside homicide bonafied bewilderment  
Militant diligence like I'm buildin pyramids  
Peel your cap reveal your lack of flavor  
Track your pager plus your celly  
Piss on your pele pele, catch you comin out of belly  
Dumbin out daily, tell me, what was your rationale  
Think of matchin del I disconnect your pactell  
My mobile code words, showboat with no hope  
For any rhyme you kick or any beat you load up  
Leave you catatonic off a bag of chronic, skanless with  
anthems  
Stomp your little cadence out at random

[el-producto]  
Ran-random, ran-random  
El and del-aphonic known to go off on a tantrum  
Now you know..  
For the backpackers, for the computer hackers  
For the misplaced famous, for all the video gamers  
For the derranged krylon stain makers  
For the ungry hungry ass verbal brain rapists  
That new york to the bay shit!

"go off, go off!"

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